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The Ghosts of Ruined Babylon.

(A sceptic convinced by the fulfilment of a Bible prediction.)

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin tells the following story:—While he was in Constantinople soon after the Crimean War a colonel in the Turkish Army called to see him, and said:

'I want to ask you one question. What proof can you give me that the Bible is what you claim it to be—the Word of God?'

Dr. Hamlin evaded the question, and drew him into conversation, during which he learned that his visitor had travelled a great deal, especially in the East.

'Were you ever in Babylon?' asked the doctor.

'Yes; and that reminds me of a curious experience I had there. I am very fond of sport, and, having heard that the ruins of Babylon abound in game, I determined to go there for a week's shooting. Knowing that it was not considered safe for a man to be there except in the company of several others—and money being no object to me—I engaged a sheikh with his followers to accompany me for a large sum. We reached Babylon and pitched our tents. A little before sundown I took my gun, and strolled out to have a look around.

'I caught sight of one or two animals in the distance, and then turned my steps toward our encampment, intending to begin my sport as soon as the sun had set. What was my surprise to find the men striking the tents! I went to the sheikh and protested most strongly. I had engaged him for a week, was paying him handsomely, and here he was starting off before our contract had scarcely begun. Nothing I could say, however, would induce him to remain. "It isn't safe," he said. "No mortal flesh dare stay here after sunset. In the dark ghosts, goblins, ghouls, and all sorts of things come out of the holes and caverns, and whoever is found here is taken off by them and becomes one of themselves." Finding that I could not persuade him, I said: "Well, as it is I'm paying you more than I ought to, but if you'll stay I'll double it." "No," he said, "I couldn't stay for all the money in the world. No Arab has ever seen the sun go down on Babylon. But I want to do what is right by you. We'll go off to a place about an hour distant and come back at daybreak." And go they did, and my sport had to be given up.'

As soon as he had finished (said Dr. Hamlin) I took my Bible and read from it the thirteenth chapter of Isaiah: 'And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.'

'That's it exactly,' said the Turk, when I had finished, 'but that's history you've been reading.'

'No,' answered Dr. Hamlin, 'it's prophecy. Come, you're an educated man. You know that the Old Testament was translated into Greek about three hundred years before Christ.'

He acknowledged that it was.

'And the Hebrew was given at least two hundred years before that?'

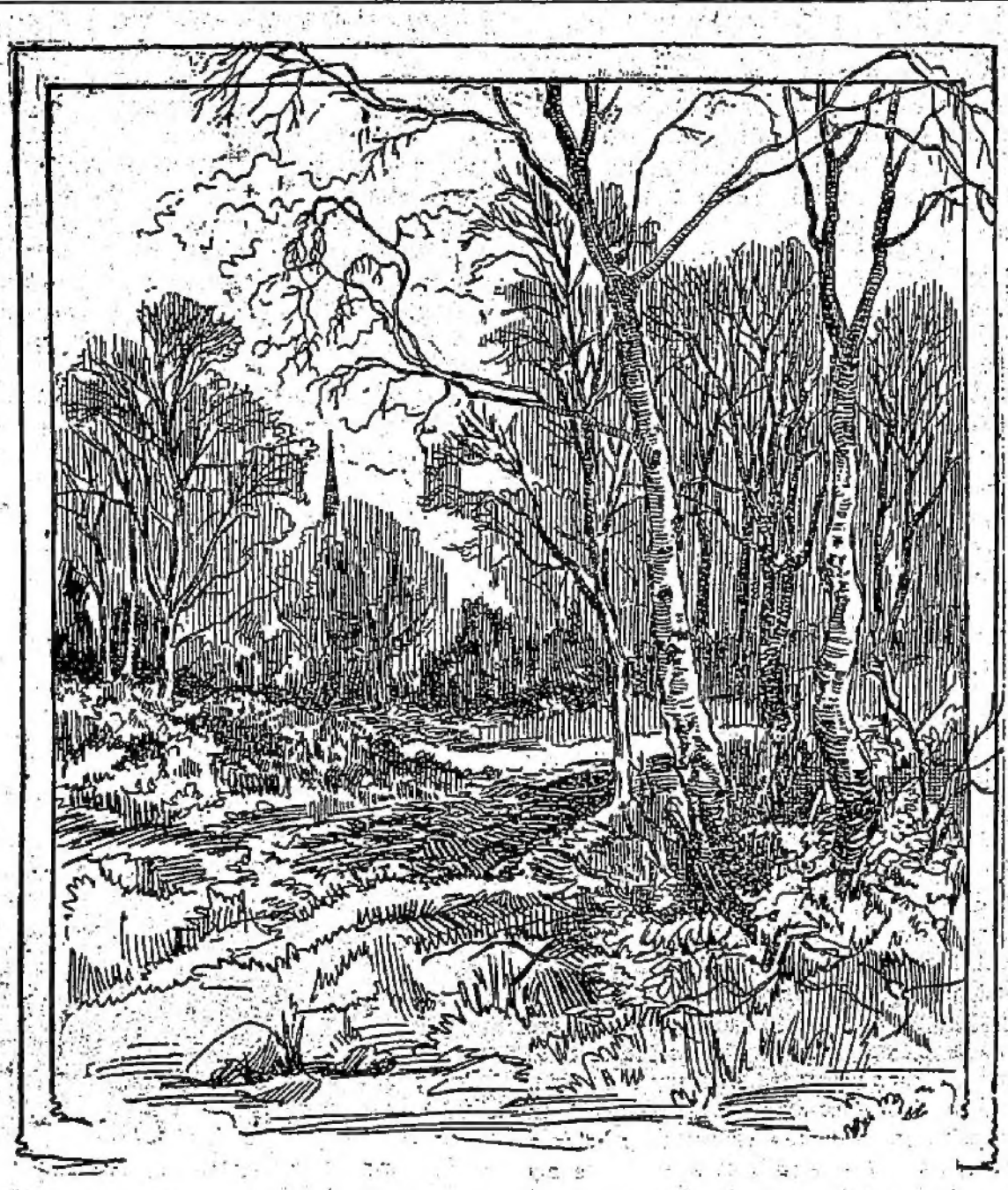
'Yes.'

'Well, wasn't that written when Babylon was in its glory, and isn't it prophecy?'

'I'm not prepared to give you an answer now,' he replied. 'I must have time to think it over.'

'Very well,' Dr. Hamlin said. 'Do so, and come back when you are ready and give me your answer.'

From that day to this he had never seen him; but what an unexpected testimony to the truth of the Bible in regard to the fulfilment of prophecy did that Turkish officer give!—'Sunday Companion.'



FLOOD TIDE

(By Susan Coolidge.)

All winter long it ebbed and ebbed, and left the cold earth bare.
No pulse of growth the bare boughs stirred, no hope the frozen air.
No twitters cheered the snow-heaped nests, no songs the vine and trees,
As outward, outward swept the tide, and left the world to freeze.

Then came a subtle change, a time when, for a moment's space,
Life seemed to stay its flying feet, and cease its outward race,
And, poised as waves poise, turn its face toward the deserted shore,
And, with a pitying rush, come back to visit it once more.

We saw the freshening forces rise in every yellowing stem,
In budding oak, and tasseled larch, and scarlet maple gem.
Inch after inch, wave following wave, it rose on every side,
And now the tide is at its flood, the blessed summer-tide.

For every ebb there comes a flow; brave hearts can smile at both.
The waters come, the waters go; we watch them nothing loth.
Lo, by a Hand invisible, their bright waves seem to sing,
'The Lord who rules the winter is the Lord that sends the Spring!'

Be mindful of God in the small things of life and you will not forget him in the great ones.—'Ram's Horn.'

Surgeon's Knife and Hindu Idol.

(By the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., of Madanapalle, India, in 'The Christian.')

It was a busy day in my little dispensary-hospital in India, a hundred and fifty miles inland from Madras, in a region where, up to that time (for this was more than thirty years ago), no European surgery nor medical practice had been known. I had been sent there to start missionary work in a new region, and knew of no better way of 'opening out the work,' and gaining the confidence and good will, yes, and love of the people, than by following the Great Missionary who 'went about preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.' My little dispensary was built of sun-dried bricks, and thatched with rushes, and would hold from seventy to one hundred people, besides the space railed off for prescribing, and for dispensing the medicines.

The door had been opened at sunrise, as was my wont, and I had begun at once to examine the patients and prescribe the remedies. The rule, 'First come, first served,' had brought fifty together by sunrise. Their names had been registered, and their residences; and tickets, containing a concise statement of salvation through Jesus Christ alone, had been given by my assistant at the door as they entered. In half an hour the room was full, and, pushing aside the instruments and appliances on my dispensing table, and taking down the Telugu Bible, I read and preached of Jesus Christ, the Great Physician, healing the maladies of the soul. I had offered prayer, seeking his blessing upon the patients physically and spiritually, during which there had been the utmost quiet and attention, and had then proceeded with my treatment.

More than four-score patients had been attended to. It was approaching eleven o'clock, and I was anxious to complete my work and get home to breakfast, when I heard the well-known semi-chant of men together bearing a burden, and, looking out of the rear door, I saw a sick man, 'borne of four,' hung in a blanket, tied, hammock-like, to a long bamboo, resting on the shoulders of the four bearers.

They laid him down gently on the floor of the back verandah, saying that they had brought him two days' journey, for they had heard that the foreign doctor effected marvellous cures, and this, their friend, was beyond the skill of all their doctors. With them had come an elderly man, led by another, an uncle of the first, who, they said, had recently lost his sight, and had come hoping that the foreign doctor could restore it.

The case of the young man was a desperate one. Nothing but a very serious surgical operation could save him, and he was now so low that it was doubtful whether he would not sink under the operation. I was at a loss what to do. Administering a restorative, and ordering suitable nourishment for them both, I told them to take rest until two p.m., and, finishing the other patients, I went home to breakfast, and to think over the case and take counsel of my Master. In my closet I laid the case before him, asking, 'Will the man endure the operation? Shall I perform it? Or shall I decline to perform it as hopeless? Teach me, Master, what to do.'

The assurance seemed to come that, desperate as the case was, it would prove a success, and that it might introduce the Gospel into the new region from which they had come. Thus assured, I went at two o'clock and performed the difficult operation, and, to my joy, he finally recovered. The treatment of his uncle was also so blessed of God that he recovered his sight, and they were told that they could now return to their village cured.

They came to my house that evening to take leave; and, after expressing their gratitude in the most touching and truly Oriental manner, they said:

'Will the Dhora please let us have copies of "The Divine Guru's History" (The Gospels), and some of the "Spiritual Teaching" (a booklet clearly explaining the way of salvation), to take home to our friends?'

'Can you read?' 'No.' 'Is there anyone in your village who can read?' 'No.' (For they were weavers and farm-laborers, and it is not the custom for them to be readers.)

'But, sir, let us have the books, and we will get them read to us. When the cloth merchant comes to our village to get the

DR. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN.

cloths we weave, we will say to him, "Here, read us this book, and then we will talk business." When the tax-gatherer comes we will say, "Read us this book first, and then we will settle our taxes." We will never worship our old gods again.'

The books were given them gladly, and we bade them farewell, saying, 'When this hot season is over we will come to your village and see you and your people. We shall hope to find you all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.'

We went as promised to the Taluk or country under which their village had been entered in our register. There had been a mistake. No such village could be found in the Taluk. We were greatly disappointed. We could get no track of them. Some three years elapsed. We were out touring in another country. At a large weekly market, our native assistants, after preaching, were accosted by these men, whose village proved to be only a few miles distant, and who now begged that we would come and see them, for they said all their friends were ready to embrace Christianity.

At sunrise the next morning we neared their village among the hills, and there, under the 'Council Tree' at the head of the little village street, were gathered nearly all of the men, women, and children of the hamlet; and there, with beaming countenances, were my two patients, my friends of three years ago. 'We are all ready for you,' said they. 'Everyone in the village has agreed to give up his idols if you will put a teacher here to teach us how to follow Jesus.'

We preached to eager listeners, explaining the way of God more perfectly, and all knelt in a prayer to Jesus Christ to take possession of every heart. Soon a covenant was written out in their language—the Telugu—and signed with his cross-mark by every head of a house for himself and family, they abjuring heathenism, renouncing their idols, and placing themselves under Christian instruction; we promising, in turn, to place a teacher there to instruct them in God's Word. Then my eye fell on the little village shrine, or temple, with half-a-dozen stern idols, great and small, standing on a platform.

'What are you going to do with these idols now?' I asked, turning to the people.

'Have we not renounced them? They are nothing to us any more. You are welcome to them. We don't want them any more.'

'I would like to take one of them,' said I, thinking to test their sincerity.

'Do you want one now? I'll bring out the chief Swami (god) and give you,' said Ranandu, the younger of my patients, and going and reaching in he shook the central and largest idol loose from its masonry setting, brought it out, and, as he reached it up to me on my pony, paused a moment, and, looking at it, addressed it somewhat thus, speaking in his own language:—

'Well, old fellow! be off with you! We and our ancestors for a thousand years have feared and worshipped you. Now we have found a better God, a real Saviour.' So speaking, he handed him up to me as I sat on my horse, and now that idol adds interest to a missionary museum in the home land, as he sits among the dethroned deities, conquered by King Immanuel.

After a few months, I baptized them, they having meantime proved their faith by standing firm through the fiery trial of persecution which had burst upon them for deserting their ancient faith; and I thank God that the surgeon's knife had proved an effective instrument in dethroning some of India's so-called gods.

The Lawyer's Lullaby.

Be still, my child, remain in statu quo
While I propel thy cradle to and fro.
Let no involved res inter alias
Prevail while we're consulting inter nos.

Was that a little pain in medias res?
Too bad! too bad! we'll have no more of these.
I'll send a capias for some wise expert
Who knows how to eject the pain and stay the hurt.

No trespasser shall come to trouble thee;
For thou dost own this house in simple fee—
And thy administrators, heirs, assigns,
To have, to hold, convey, at thy designs.

Correct thy pleadings, my own baby boy,
Let there be an abatement of thy joy;
Quash every tendency to keep awake,
And verdict, cost, and judgment thou shalt take.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS.

May 12, Sun.—Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing.

May 13, Mon.—In everything give thanks.

May 14, Tues.—Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

May 15, Wed.—Abstain from all appearance of evil.

May 16, Thur.—The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.

May 17, Fri.—Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it.

May 18, Sat.—Brethren, pray for us.

BOYS AND GIRLS

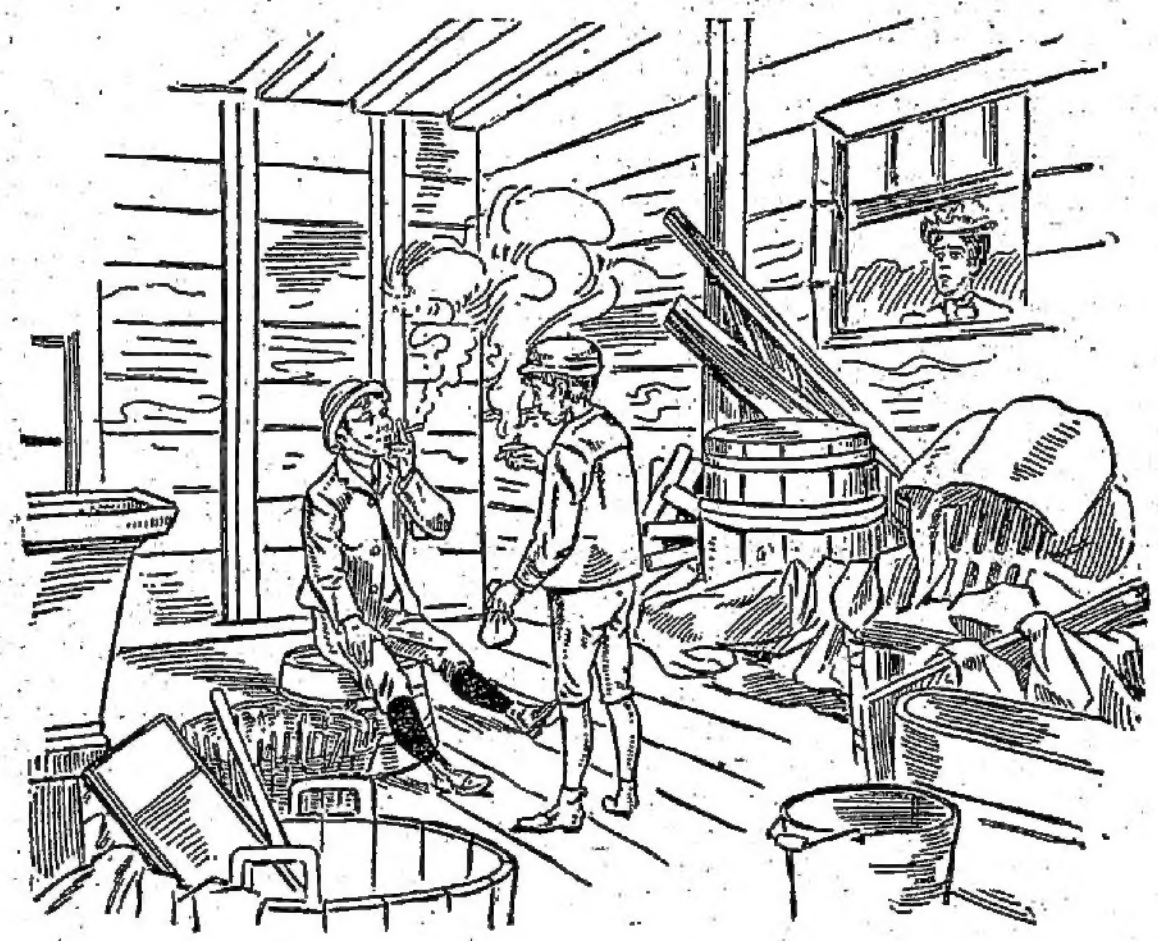
Elnathan's Cigarettes.

HOW PHOEBE ESTHER HANDLED HER BOY AND BROKE UP A BAD HABIT.

(Written for 'The Ram's Horn,' by Florinda Twitchell.)

We Settlement women all met at Widow Bliven's for a-quiltin' one P. M. It was for the minister's wife, and we wuz all interested in havin' it about right. We got the quilt on after some discussion. Uncle Zeebe's wife is a great quilter. She has twenty-five quilted quilts, besides several knotted ones, and two silk ones, and one log cabin, pieced out of delanes and wasted stuffs. She was an old maid when Uncle Zeebe married her, and had a good many already pieced. She 'lowed we mustn't put in more than one pound of batting. 'No one can quilt decent with an ounce more than a pound in,' sez she.

Mrs. Bliven and I differed with her. Bein' it was for the minister's family, and



IN A MINUTE THEY WERE PUFFING AWAY LIKE OLD HANDS AT IT

they hadn't many, we thought, better make it good and thick.

Mrs. Elwood was bound and determined to quilt it both sides of the seams, but we all knew it wasn't necessary, and while we wuz arguin' over it, the younger women got the quilt on and split the difference and put in a pound and a half, and some of um quilted both sides of the seams and some didn't.

Just then our minister's wife came in, with her bright smile, a-humming 'Blest be the tie that binds.'

The conversation (for we had conversation though our hands wuz busy) drifted onto bringing up children.

Phoebe Esther has the reputation of bein' a great home disciplinarian, and I suppose some of the other women feel a little jealous. They got to talkin' of the cigarette habit and the alarmin' amount of cigarettes that was sold to boys, notwithstandin' the laws.

'I'd just like to know,' said Jane Lakin, Milt Lakin's wife, 'how a woman is goin' to keep her boys from it. I've tried and tried, and I can't break my boy.'

'I'd break his neck, then,' sed Susan Cobb, a nice, likely old maid.

'It seems a pity that a boy only ten years old should be so addicted to a habit,' sez I really sympathetically.

'Now there's my Willie,' sed she that was Mary Fanny Pease, 'he'll get cigarettes some way unbeknownst to me and smoke um.'

'Well, I'd like to see a young un of that age I couldn't make mind. I sometimes think children born of unregenerate parents are more apt to be carnally minded,' sed Mrs. Elwood.

Si Sprague's wife didn't say a word, though she used to be considered authority on Biblical family discipline.

'Just think,' sed Mrs. Larkin, 'there is that Birchard boy just losin' his mind from cigarettes—gone clear daffy, and only fifteen.'

'It seems to me,' sed Phoebe Esther, 'parents could control their children with God's help.'

'They say your second son can smoke cigarettes equal to the next one,' sed Susan Cobb.

'If he does, I don't know it,' Phoebe Esther sed in a calm, unmoved way.

There was some significant lookin' one to the other, and Phoebe Esther's face flushed, but she sed calmly, 'Ain't that pretty turkey red calico in that block? I think it would wash and boil, Sister Bliven.'

That night Phoebe Esther's second boy, Elnathan, wanted to go over to play with Mary Fanny's little boy, and his mother let him go. She got his little account book where he wrote down all the money he spent. She alus had the children keep a book account. It read like this:

For drivin' Mr. Green's cows home .. 10c
From mamma, for eggs 25c

Then it read: Spent:—

For slate pencil.. .. .. 4c
For gum, etc 6c
For slate, etc. 15c

Phoebe Esther began to wonder about the 'etc.' It was alus five cents' worth. She followed the boy over to Mary Fanny's. 'Where is the boys,' sez she. 'I want to see Elnathan.'

'I guess they are out to the wash-house, playin', sed Mary Fanny.

So Phoebe Esther went out softly and peered through the window. There sat the boys with a little package of tobacco, rollin' up cigarettes. In a minute they were puffin' away like old hands at it.

Phoebe Esther went back home and never sed a word. That evening, Elnathan sed, 'Ma, can't I go over to the store and get a lead pencil?'

'What's become of the one you got the other day?' sez she.

The boy wriggled round oneasy like, 'It ain't no good.'

'Well, run along, then, and bring me a spool of No. 24 black thread,' sed Phoebe Esther.

Again the mother followed her offspring. He never looked round, and after he had been in the store a few minutes, she slipped in the side door, just in time to see the boy buy a package of cigarette paper and another of tobacco. He didn't see her this time, and after he went out she stepped up to the counter and sed to Bill Frampton, the storekeeper:

'Mr. Frampton, this is the last time you must sell my boy tobacco.'

He colored up and coughed, and sed, 'I—I thought he wanted it for his father.'

'Phlambert Burdick use tobacco!' sed Phoebe Esther. 'You know better than that!' No, sir. I am a quiet, peaceable, Christian woman, but if I know of your sellin' my boy or any other boy tobacco, especially cigarettes and cigarette paper, I will prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law, for each and every offence.'

'I ain't to blame if folks can't control their children,' sed Bill, gettin' riled.

'That has nothing to do with your case; you must keep the law, sir. I would just as soon you would feed my boy poison. It must not happen again,' and Phoebe Esther turned to go.

'I'll sell all I am a mind to,' Bill went on. 'If I don't, others will.'

'I shall simply swear out a warrant on the first offence for what I saw to-night,' sed Phoebe Esther calmly.

'You don't believe in moral suasion,' sed Bill, sarcastically. 'Why didn't you come and ask me civilly and kindly?'

'I have been civil, sir; but didn't Mary Birchard come and beg and entreat you to not sell her boy cigarettes long ago? What think you she would give to have him back as he was two years ago?' With this last remark Phoebe Esther walked out.

That night, as the children started for bed, she asked Elnathan to stay for a few minutes. When the father and mother were alone with the boy, Phoebe Esther sed: 'Elnathan, I have just found out to-day that you are using cigarettes. I am not going to lecture you on the use of them. You have been carefully taught all the harm that comes from it. You have seen poor, silly Frank Birchard; you have seen the Biglow boys have fits; you remember young Arthur Sprague's death by suicide. Knowing all this, you have gone at this business unbeknown to us. Now, Elnathan, you may bring your cigarette papers and tobacco.'

The boy trembled like a leaf, but obeyed. His mother tossed them in the fire and handed the boy ten cents. 'Here, I will buy them. Now, Elnathan, this is the last you shall smoke while you are under our care.'

Elnathan hung his head. 'What will you do, ma, if I do.'

'I don't believe you will deliberately disobey me,' sed Phoebe Esther; 'but before I will have you smoke I will shut you in your room for the next five years. You

simply shall not smoke. You are only eleven years old. Your father and I must choose for you in such an important matter. Now you may go to bed,' and Phoebe Esther never made a move to kiss him, as she always did.

The boy looked round kind of helpless like, and sed, 'Good night, pa,' and slunk off to bed.

'Don't you think you was a little unsympathetic?' sed Phlambert, when they were alone.

'No, it is a crisis in his life. He must be controlled by force; he must obey. The cigarettes have already begun to affect his will power; mine must come to the rescue.'

Phoebe Esther told me, nothing was sed to him all the next day; but at night, after he went to bed, they heard him sobbin' and cryin', and she and Phlambert went up and knelt by his bedside, and she took him in her arms and his pa prayed. For several nights, she sed, they done the same thing. Poor little fellow! The help came none too soon.

The folks at the Settlement come to understand Phoebe Esther was master of the situation, and a boy eleven years old wasn't too big to mind; and the boys knew Elnathan didn't smoke cigarettes any more, and they found after a little that Bill Frampton didn't sell them to boys under fourteen years of age, which was a great help to the parents.

'I am going to try to bring my children up so when they go out from my care, they will be free,' sed Phoebe Esther, 'not bound by an appetite formed in their early childhood, that they would be only too glad to be free from.'

Still Mrs. Elwood sez she believes Elnathan used tobacco on the sly, but I know he don't. Poor little fellow, he looks pale and nervous yet.

'Girls Wanted,'

That was the placard swaying in the breeze, 'Girls Wanted,' and all day long all sorts of girls noticed the swinging advertisement. Big girls and little girls, fat girls and thin girls, loud girls and quiet girls went in the shop and were engaged to work in the new knitting mill.

'Girls Wanted.'

I have had a sort of a waking dream over that placard. It seems as if I saw it suspended from the blue sky, where the cords fastened to it were upheld by invisible hands. It was snowy white, with a silvery edge, and the letters were of gold. The sun shone on them, and they sparkled and danced as if in great joy. Swaying back and forth away up in the sky, it seemed to me that it meant that the whole world was crying, 'Girls Wanted.'

And now that I am wide awake, I feel just the same as I did. The whole world does want girls, good girls, home girls.

'The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips,
Pure as the lily is white and pure
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips,
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and mothers can trust in,
And the little ones understand—
Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and say,
That drive with a smile and a loving word
The gloom of the household away.'

—Helen Hall Farley, in 'Christian Work.'

One Girl's Influence

(By Sue E. Stoever, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The South Brinton Academy bell had just rung. It was four o'clock. Miss Burgess leaned back in her arm-chair, weary after the demands of the day. A pile of compositions had been examined, and now she was free to rest, but though hands were idle, the mind dwelt on the work of the week just finished. Not all she had wished or hoped. True, there had been this or that to cheer her—to reward her effort and patience; yet had she met every opportunity wisely? To look at that sweet, gentle face you would have said, yes. How fragile this woman in her prime! Lines of discipline had left their mark. The delicate face with its setting of soft, brown hair and dark eyes bore the impress of a foreign clime. Mary Burgess was the child of missionaries long since entered into rest. Early motherless, she had been trained by faithful aunts for Mount Holyoke, where she graduated and later returned as a teacher. Then health failed and a season of rest was necessary. Accomplished in English, music and the languages, she had become, a year previous, principal of the South Brinton Academy, a school of reputation in its own State.

As she sat in her room the sound of merry voices floated up to her, growing fainter as a procession of girls filed down the street. Then came a knock, and the teacher's face brightened as, in response to her answer, a girlish figure appeared.

'Dear Miss Burgess, do not rise. I know you are tired. Perhaps I ought not to come just now.'

'Oh, no, Agnes dear, you will rest me. You do not know how your coming does me good.'

The girl's loving glance showed her devotion. Bending down to kiss her principal, she said:

'Please sit still, and let me take this stool beside you. I want to be very close, for to no one else would I come with this perplexity.'

Miss Burgess placed her arm caressingly about the girl. It was her favorite pupil, but who would ever have guessed this? Impartial, considerate of each girl, her needs, her ability, Miss Burgess was the true friend of each. There was a little pause. The teacher looked down upon an interesting face. A flush of color, deep blue eyes, with dark brows and lashes, hair nearly black, and a mouth most sweet but firm. At last the musical voice said:

'Something has been worrying me lately. Since your coming, Miss Burgess, we have been very happy in our school. Your spirit has been so lovely that I think we have caught it in a measure. You led us to desire the best things for our school and to really like study. You have striven to have us show forth charity toward those around us. How could it be otherwise when we had made so plain to us the meaning of the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians and the seventh of St. Matthew? and just think, my dear Miss Burgess, here I am breaking it every day—the "judge not," I mean.'

Miss Burgess tenderly stroked the girl's hair and waited.

'So you see I knew it was all wrong, yet fancied I could not very well help it. Lizzie and I have wished we could have bettered matters.' Lizzie was Agnes's deskmate and constant companion, very different in temperament, a quiet, retiring girl, but an industrious scholar and a true friend.

'So I've come to "mother confessor,"' went on Agnes, looking up affectionately. 'I don't think it's wrong to speak about it. Last year everything was so lovely and harmonious. We were just like one big family, but this year another spirit has crept in. I feel we must do something. Lizzie and I have tried in a quiet way, but without success. There is some influence at work, and I dread the effect, especially on the younger girls. Even my little Cousin Jean seems different—such a dear child, too! I know you could not bear to hear that your girls were learning to gossip and to look out for the disagreeable things, often imagining slights where there are none. What can we do?'

During this outburst Miss Burgess had been quietly listening and at the same time understanding the whole situation. Did she not know each scholar? In September Evelyn Green had applied for admission. Miss Burgess realized that here was a girl to be helped and lifted up to a higher plane. She hoped her girls would be strong enough to do this, although she understood the power of one to make mischief among many.

'How have you tried, dear?'

'Oh, Miss Burgess, I'm afraid I haven't taken the best way. I get so indignant when I hear Evelyn—There! now it's out. Please do not entirely despise me for seeming to be a tell-tale. But really, Miss Burgess, I cannot bear to hear suspicions cast and the disagreeable things dwelt upon when there are so many pleasant things happening every day.'

'I know just how you feel, dear child. I had the same experience. From childhood I must have had the same dread of evil thought or unkind comment. At boarding-school I roomed next door to a girl who could be so pleasant to her mates, but, as soon as the door closed upon them, comment or ridicule would follow. I did not know that my course had any effect, but long after my old chum said to me, when we were discussing this keeping quiet unless one had something good to say of the absent, "Mary, I did not see how you could." In later years I have often been saddened and so helpless to stem the tide of cold criticism and wearisome gossip.' And a little sigh escaped the teacher. 'But, Agnes, we cannot see below the surface. It does us good to recall Adelaide Proctor's little poem:—

JUDGE NOT.

'Judge not: the working of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well fought field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

'The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some internal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.'

'Let me tell you that Evelyn lost her mother when very young; that she lived about among relatives before her father came back to this country; thus she has missed the loving home training. Shall we not help her?'

'Oh, yes! Miss Burgess. I shall try to be more patient. Now I must go. I'm so glad I told you.'

As Agnes tripped lightly home, happy to share the love and confidence of her teacher, she saw Evelyn at the window and nodded in merry school girl fashion. Evelyn watch-

ed her, saying in a desponding tone, 'What good times she seems to have. Nobody cares for me, knocked about as I have been.' But she was mistaken. Her teacher was at that moment asking that she might be Evelyn's helpful friend and be guided to the best course, and Agnes's thoughts were busy with her new charge. With what result will soon appear.

Coming into her mother's room where the baby was being arranged in his soft white slip for his night's rest, Agnes stopped in her frolic with the household pet to say: 'Mother, I'm going to ask something. Be sure to say yes.'

Mrs. Leigh smiled inquiringly, at the same time fastening baby's sock, which he seemed determined to pull off.

'Don't you want to invite to tea to-morrow a girl who hasn't many happy times? I mean Evelyn Green. She's a stranger, you know, and has such a lonely time at home.'

'Why, yes, Agnes, of course you may invite her. By the way, her father was one of your father's old college friends, and only yesterday papa was telling me about his life abroad. Wouldn't it be nice to invite Colonel Green, too? We must ask papa about it.'

The outcome of all this was a cordial invitation to the strangers. Such a pleasant evening as they spent! Mr. Leigh was a genial host, and the table talk was always bright and sunny. In fact, Mr. Leigh would not allow sorrowful tales nor worries nor faultfinding to be brought to meals.

'Why, children, we cannot afford to have dyspepsia,' he would say; 'besides it is the time when I see you all together, and I love to see happy faces.' So the rule was always kept, and if any croaker chanced to be there and introduced his usual conversation, the tide was quickly turned by the cheerful host and hostess.

Colonel Green had many entertaining anecdotes of foreign life, and Evelyn, in the sunny atmosphere, forgot to indulge in unkind remarks. Then the games and music later made the evening seem all too short. As Evelyn was putting on her wraps, she said:—

'O Agnes, what a lovely time we have had! I do not remember ever having had so nice a time.'

'I'm sure I hope you'll have many more in South Brinton,' was the reply.

'Well, perhaps it's my fault. But I've been such a "Topsy," and "lived around" while papa was abroad that I got in the way of thinking people were against me, don't you know? and not caring to be pleasant. I'm going to try to do better now. If only I had a mother like yours! Sometimes I wish papa would marry again, if he'd get somebody nice; but then a second mother couldn't be like your own. I do not even remember mine. She died when I was two years old.'

Agnes hesitated. 'Why, Evelyn, my dear mamma is a "second mother."'

'Agnes Leigh! You don't really mean it!' and Evelyn sank down in the nearest chair, astonished.

'Yes,' went on Agnes, 'I don't often speak of it; for she is so dear to me. My own real mother died when I was a baby, and this one came to the home when I was only six years old. She has always been so precious to me.'

It was a warm good-night that the girls gave each other. Mrs. Leigh's caress lingered with the motherless child. 'We must have them here again,' she said, and Mr. Leigh expressed his pleasure in reviving college days and hearing Henry Green's varied experience, while Agnes, in the quiet of her own room, gave herself a little reproof.

'Think of my judging that poor lonely Evelyn! I'll try to make up by being a helper instead of standing off like a proud Pharisee.'

There was an air of expectancy in the sunny school room on Monday morning. Besides Miss Burgess on the platform sat a woman whose intelligent face attracted every scholar. Since the advent of the present principal, frequent had been the opportunities of seeing and hearing sterling men and women devoted to literary or religious work, and a glimpse through them of far-away Cathay, the islands of the sea, wonderful Alaska, or sunny South.

After the reverent, helpful opening service, Miss Burgess said:

'My dear young friends, on Saturday my heart was gladdened by the coming of a former schoolmate who was in one of the upper classes when I first met her at boarding-school. Many were the lessons of true womanhood she taught me by a silent influence the extent of which she scarcely realized. Always retaining her interest in the girls, she is now one of the directors of the Order of the King's Daughters. I have asked her to talk to us about this work, and it gives me great pleasure to introduce my friend, Miss Lombard.'

The visitor looked upon the fresh, eager faces before her, saying:—

'As your principal was speaking, there came to my mind a picture of a sweet young girl just arrived at boarding-school. Timid and alone she crept into my heart, and has stayed there ever since; and the one thing that stamped her personality was her perpetual spirit of charity, winning and holding her companions. She was a true friend. We may each be proud to claim her as such and strive to be such ourselves.'

Every girl was touched by this reference, stimulated to greater loyalty and effort.

'And that was carrying out the very spirit of our Order of the King's Daughters, whose aim is to follow the Lord Jesus, our King, being ever helpful to others. Only last week I met one of my young friends now attending the Normal School in her own city. Touching the little silver cross which peeped out from the folds of her waist, I said, "And what is your work, Lilian?"

'"O Miss Lombard, you know we busy school girls have not time for sewing or visiting the poor, so we resolved that we would try not to gossip. It's pretty hard sometimes, but I believe every one of our sixty members tries."

'Another school girl told me that the Ten to which she belonged chose as their work "to be cheerful."'

Then Miss Lombard briefly sketched the nature of the wide-spread Order, gave some touching incidents connected with its working, and in closing said:

'I should be so pleased to know there was a Circle here, if you feel inclined to adopt our motto, "In His Name."'

At recess there was not one dissenting voice. And when the time of organization came, Agnes Leigh made this little speech:

'Girls, don't you think it would be lovely to honor our dear Principal in this Circle? Of course she would not wish us to use her name, but just among ourselves we can resolve that our work shall be what hers was in her school days, taking the one word "Charity" as our special name, and, as our special motto, that of the monks of St. Bernard: 'Fideliter, Fortiter, Feliciter'—faithfully, bravely, happily.'

Agnes forgot all hesitancy in her wish to please the King, and a murmur of satisfaction followed her words.

After the meeting Evelyn whispered to Agnes: 'That is just what I need. I'm going to try hard.'

The pleasures and triumphs of the South Brinton Circle cannot be told. Faithfully, bravely, happily, each day its members sought to 'follow after Charity' that 'thinketh no evil.' Hard it often was, but the habit formed became second nature, and years after gracious womanhood was presenting living Christianity. The influence of that sweet teacher, now in Paradise, lived on in the hearts and deeds of her girls.

Ruth

(By Harriet Francene Crocker, in 'Union Signal.')

Ruth sat upstairs in her pretty blue and white room with her open Bible on her knee, dreamily looking out into the beauty and glory of the blossoming almond orchard. A smile hovered about her lips and sweet content lay in her blue eyes. How good life was to her. How sweet to be a living, breathing part of all this wonderful mystery of springtime! How joyous to have the consciousness of loving friends, a dear home, a happy heart and bounding health.

Ruth was mindful of her mercies, and was thankful. Surely she would do something—something to ease the load of life to others less fortunate than she—surely not a day should pass without some kind act done for some one! She had been reading her daily portion in her little Bible, and her soul was filled with high resolves to do and to be, to reflect naught but credit upon the society of young people to which she belonged, that care-free, laughing, happy company of young men and maidens, who were proud to call themselves 'Endeavorers.' Life meant scarcely more than a sunny day to any of them as yet; comfortable homes and loving friends left nothing to be desired in the way of material blessings, and as to the joy of friendship in Christ, they all knew that.

Ruth's dreamy eyes spied a figure coming up through the almond orchard, a heavy, poorly dressed figure of a young man. She leaned forward a little in her low rocker and studied him attentively. 'Now, what, I wonder, can I do for him?' she said to herself. 'Charity begins at home, and perhaps Joe is the very one I'm chosen to help. I might ask him to go to the C. E. meeting this evening, but I'm pretty sure he would not go. Those are all the clothes he has, poor fellow, and he might feel strange among the other boys. I guess I'll try to think of some other way to help Joe.'

There was something awkwardly pathetic about Joe as he came across the ploughed ground through the orchard. His arms hung loosely at his sides and he plodded along with downcast head. It seemed to him as if one dreadful memory would never leave him—the memory of those ten days he had served on the chain-gang in a town not far away.

Hoping to find work in California, and make a start in the world, he had left his poor home on the Dakota prairie where there were already too many mouths to feed; had made his way across the country in such ways as 'gentlemen of the road' are familiar with, riding on brake-beams at the risk of his life; walking when he could not ride; asking here and there for a bite to eat. When he reached the end of his long journey he was penniless, ragged, foot-sore and hungry—oh, more than all else he was hungry! And so he had asked the first person he had met for something to eat and had been promptly arrested. Then followed those ten disgraceful days on the chain-

gang. Foul language, oaths, and miserable companions, together with the humiliating sense of being considered a criminal, seemed to crush out of poor Joe all hope of ever holding up his head again and being a man.

But at last his sentence was served and he was free—free to take up the same wretched life again while searching for work. And so it came to pass that one morning Ruth's father came into the warm kitchen and said, 'Mother, here's a boy outside asking for something to eat—says he's hungry but wants to work for his breakfast. Better fix up a nice plateful and I'll take it out—he's hardly fit to come in here.'

Joe ate the generous breakfast and drank the cup of steaming coffee out on the bench under the tall cypress tree. Already life looked different to him—for he was going to stay a few days on trial and show what he was worth. At the end of the few days his new employer said he would keep him a month, and now the month was almost gone and nothing had been said about his going. That was the short and simple story of Joe thus far. In his suit of cheap clothes which Mr. Hartwell had given him, with hair cut and face clean-shaven, Joe was not at all a bad-looking young fellow—quite the contrary. But he was heavy and awkward in his movements and painfully shy when Ruth or her mother spoke to him. Perhaps that was why Ruth had said so very little to him.

Joe sat down on the bench under the cypress tree and felt in his pockets. Ruth watching him through the screening muslin of her sash curtain, saw him take out a little tin-type picture in its case of red paper and pasteboard. He leaned his elbow on his knees and held the picture in both hands studying it intently. Ruth smiled to herself; 'Joe's little sweetheart, probably,' she thought; but just then he folded the picture, leaned back against the tree, and a big tear splashed down upon his hand. 'Mother,' he said softly to himself. Homesickness showed in every feature of his honest face and in his eyes. Ruth found her own tears falling presently—tears of sympathy—it was so pathetic, poor, homesick boy!

'Perhaps,' said Ruth to herself, as she went slowly downstairs, 'perhaps if I ask him now he'll go—he's been thinking about his mother, and that's a good symptom.'

Joe colored furiously when she approached.

'Isn't it lovely out of doors?' she asked as she looked off through the blooming orchard. 'It's just beautiful to be alive in the spring, don't you think so?' I'm sure you must like California, coming from such cold winters as North Dakota has! You do, don't you?'

Ruth opened the conversation thus, and almost before Joe realized it he was answering her questions about his northern home and a little later was even showing her the tin-type in its well-worn case. Joe was astonished at himself. It had been so many weeks since he had talked so freely to any one, and somehow it seemed not all difficult to describe to this blue-eyed girl his prairie home, where there were so many children that he felt as though he must 'get out.' Ruth listened sympathetically and led him on to tell of himself and his journey.

Joe told it all, and was surprised to see that Ruth took the news of his deep disgrace very calmly. He had half expected that she would turn from him in involuntary disgust, and that would be the last of it, but only pity shone in her blue eyes. And then she asked him to attend the Christian Endeavor meeting that evening. 'I am to lead,' she said simply, 'and I should like to have you come.'

And greatly to Joe's own surprise he went. Ruth, it must be confessed, shrank a little at first at the thought of meeting all those familiar eyes as she would enter the church with this strange, poorly-clad youth whom none of the young folks had seen, but she had made up her mind to do it 'heartily as unto the Lord,' and so she did it.

She introduced him to a few young men whose hearty handclasp reassured poor, bashful Joe, and found him a seat where he would not feel conspicious.

Joe enjoyed the singing, perhaps, best of all; joining quite heartily in some of the old familiar hymns. He listened reverently to the earnest, simple words in which Ruth referred to the topic of the meeting, and admired the readiness with which the young men took their part in the service. Were such things possible for him, he wondered, and his face grew more serious and earnest than ever as his thoughts sped on into the future. Life seemed to promise little to him compared with what these other favored fellows had before them, but perhaps — perhaps—'

Ruth walked home by his side. 'Did you enjoy the meeting?' she asked. 'I hear you sing, and feel so glad to know that you can sing. No one sings at home but me, and won't you come into the parlor a little while this evening and practice some of the old hymns?'

What an evening that was for Joe! Ruth at the piano, Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell in their easy-chairs, the soft, yellow lamplight in the pretty parlor, the scent of violets, and strangest of all, Joe in the midst of all singing with Ruth, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and 'Rock of Ages.'

Was it any wonder that Joe's mother, a week later, in her poor home, read a long, long letter with falling tears—tears of joy that her boy had found such friends and such a home, and from her heart a simple prayer went up that God would bless the dear young girl and make her the instrument of her boy's salvation.

* * * * * * *

Six months have passed, and Joe no longer sits in the shadows of the Christian Endeavor meetings. His name appears on the topic cards, his serious, quiet voice reads the lessons and leads the meeting, and his clear tenor rings in all the hymns. Joe is becoming a power in the Christian Endeavor Society, and is leaned on by others. Ruth is proud of him although he is still her father's 'hired man,' and Joe himself sometimes wonders if he is the same disheartened, discouraged boy who served ten days on the chain-gang because he was hungry and asked for food.

Life looks bright and promising to Joe now. The possibilities of even a 'hired man,' are great when there is push and energy and a never-ceasing desire to learn. And best of all, through the simple endeavor of a sweet young girl, who thought and cared for others and 'lived her religion'—yes, best of all, and more than all, Joe is a Christian.

The Dean of Westminster recently received and escorted over Westminster Abbey representatives of Evangelical Christianity from the European Continent, from Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, Canada, and the United States of America, who had arrived in London in order to attend the jubilee celebration meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, which have been held at Exeter Hall and the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park. On Sunday, in over a hundred London places of worship special reference was made to the celebration.

The Thank Offering.

('Woman's Missionary Friend.')

'There is a sudden and urgent need for an increased appropriation,' wrote the general secretary of the Woman's Board of Missions; 'can you not double your thank-offering this year?'

Mrs. Ayres, president of the society of Fairtown, read the appeal with a sigh. Winter sunshine flooded the cheery room, parlor and library in one, that busy Monday morning. Evidences of a refined and cultured personality were in all its appointments, though the only expensive article of furniture was the fine piano, vibrating yet from the touch of skilful fingers.

'How can a greater effort be made?' she thought a little wearily as she left the room to take up the work waiting for her busy hands, and recalled meantime the earnest appeal she had made at the last meeting. 'Yes,' she soliloquized regretfully, 'I must make time somehow, and send a personal note to every member. Twenty-five letters, and the days are so full. That lecture and social afternoon must be given up.'

The president of Fairtown society had a genius for figures. With a moderate income, by her careful, intelligent management, she made home a cozy nest of comfort for her scholarly husband and their children. Brimful of executive ability she marshalled her forces for success. She knew the exact condition of the treasury, and supposed she knew the resources from which she might draw. With characteristic force she bent her energies to the task of doubling the amount of last year's thank-offering. By Friday evening personal notes had been delivered to each of the twenty-five members.

They ran after this fashion:—

'My Dear Friend:—

'Money is the great need of the hour. I never longed for wealth as I do now. An urgent appeal has come from the secretary of the Woman's Board of Missions for an increased thank-offering. Let us double our contribution, by a great personal sacrifice, if necessary. With an earnest prayer for God's blessing on our effort,

'Your sister,

'FRANCES AYRES.'

The last note despatched she turned for an hour of needed rest to her favorite corner, at the sunset window of the dainty parlor, her well-worn Bible in her hand. With a sudden flash of illumination she read words long familiar, 'And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.' Over and over the sweet, imperative command she went, and a voice whispered:

'You have done with your might what your hands found to do, how about the loving?'

'I love my Lord and his work,' she said faintly.

'Yes, truly and earnestly,' came the answer, 'but with your might? Are you willing to pour out your heart in more than the abandonment of loving, to give the treasures of your home and friendship that all such possibilities in you may be laid at his feet, a joyful thank offering? You have longed for wealth in this emergency, and not for selfish purposes. God knows the latent power of your heart. You do not, and now he asks the priceless gift of the might of your love.'

'O Christ!' The strong, sweet face was buried in her hands. The hush of the quiet room was broken now and then by a long, quivering breath. 'It means so much. Help me to love with my might.'

The clock on the mantel ticked the minutes away; the half-hour, the hour. A shining face was lifted. 'With my might,' she said softly and left the room.

Days sped rapidly away, full of joyful service. With them came a sense of possession. She was growing rich. The Sabbath message of her pastor fell upon a responsive heart. 'He became poor that ye—might be rich.' The great truth thrilled and enlightened her, and with resources infinitely multiplied she left the church unspoken praises keeping time with the throbbing chords of the organ. Monday's mail brought a letter from a dear old friend. How strangely the words fitted, 'The only real wealth in the world is love, and that never fails, divine or human.' She felt as if she owned all creation.

Again each member of the missionary society received a message from her president, which read something like this:—

'Beloved, I was mistaken. Money is not the greatest need of the hour. "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." He came in love, he comes through love to-day. Please read Deut. vi., 5, emphasizing the last word. Let us give, as our richest thank-offering, the might of our love. Will you join me in earnest prayer, and come still praying to our meeting on Friday night? Rejoicing as never before in our privilege,

'Your sister,

'FRANCES AYRES.'

An earnest group of women was gathered in the well-lighted parlor, every one of the twenty-five being present—an unheard-of occurrence. Their faces were full of eager interest. The president's appeal had taken hold of them with strange power. She had labored not alone. The low buzz of conversation ceased as Mrs. Ayres took the chair. Lovely as her life had been, a new atmosphere seemed to surround her. A look of exaltation was on her face.

The routine business of the hour was speedily despatched, and an expectant hush fell on the circle. In a few simple words she told them of her new experience. 'My sisters,' she added, 'what seemed to me a sacrifice a month ago, is to-day a joyful privilege.'

'Oh, how rich we are! Now, out of our boundless wealth, let us offer thanks.' She rose to her feet and lifted her glowing face. 'O Love divine,' she prays with thrilling voice, 'having thee we possess all things, and all we have is thine. We give thee again thine own.

'Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store!'

Without a word the treasurer rose, a basket with a loose cover in her hand. Silently she passed around the circle. Under the cover slipped hands white and soft, hands thin and worn; some winning bread by the needle's toil, other trembling with age, hard and knotted by years of unselfish service; an artist's hand that held the touch of genius, and the slender hand of a musician, fit to strike the chords of an angel's song. They held treasures of silver and gold, and no one knew what another gave. A vivid sense of an unseen Presence held their hearts. At length one clear, sweet voice, tremulous with joy, broke the stillness. A chorus swelled the triumphant song:

'O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.'

The treasurer of the Woman's Board of Missions, in her office far away, opened wide her astonished eyes. 'Now God be praised,' she said, 'the thank-offering from Fairtown is doubled twice over. The appropriation can be met.' And out to women sitting in the midnight darkness of idolatry went a consecrated woman to preach the glad tidings. They turned their weary hearts to the light, 'and many believed on the Lord of such as should be saved.'

The Home of the Soul.

(New York 'Observer.')

It was a day of early autumn, and over the city of Paris hung a gray mist through which the sun shone like a distant forest fire. Pale green and dried brown leaves still hung to the trees that bordered park and place, and the grass wherever it showed was green and fresh to the eye, though spongy and soft under foot, soaked with the heavy night frosts still asleep on its breast.

A young girl carrying a violin case crossed between the omnibuses and carriages that crowded the avenue, and turning into a little path leading back among the trees, found a seat and took possession of it. For some time she sat as if lost in thought, her hands only moving as they smoothed the case of her violin back and forth. Her fingers, long and tapering, seemed to caress the wood, and find comfort in contact with its surface. Presently, something aroused her, for, with a start she seemed to leave her reverie, and wake up and look about her. She stretched out one foot and touched the grass at the side of the bench, then leaned back, and from a bush behind her, plucked a twig holding two or three snow berries; these seemed to be old friends, for the girl smiled faintly at them, and then, without warning, fell to sobbing and crying, her curly head pressed against the old violin case. It did not last long, for, with a gesture of almost childish anger, she flung the berries far away, snatched up her instrument, and almost ran out again into the din and crowd of the streets.

Five hours later, in a tiny room on the fifth floor of a house overlooking the chimney tops of Paris, the same girl sat playing her violin. The air she played gave itself many shades of meaning, but ever one faint strain seemed recurring.

'Oh, that home of the soul,
In our visions and dreams,

it sang over and over again; a hymn her mother used to sing as she sewed by the lamp light in the house far off in America. Try as she would, the violin would sing no other song to-night. What was the matter? First, the berries sang it, and now the violin! Did America call her? Was this homesickness? No, surely not. This year in Paris was a realized dream, an answered prayer; she was praised and encouraged in her work, successful and perfectly happy, and the dear ones at home were glad, and wanted her to stay till she was perfectly satisfied. It was only a sentiment that old hymn, she was too tired! So she played a gay little waltz, and dashed it off so briskly that the violin bow had no time to linger over hymn notes; and then she went to sleep and dreamed a dream. She saw a fair city; it seemed she was on a street in Paris, but there beyond that pink gray mist ahead, which turned the Arc de Triomphe in the distance into a crimson golden gate, she saw another land; there were soft green fields surrounded with shining jasper walls; there was a blue sea still beyond; and the strand glittered with a thousand lights cast up from the pebbles that covered it; along the shore grew waving trees, and all were laden with snow berries, each berry a lustrous pearl. Her feet were heavy, and would hardly bear her toward the gates, but she toiled along slowly, painfully, and soon she heard the sound of music and sweet voices, and the song was the 'Home of the Soul.' Her voice joined with the other invisible ones, and as she sang, her feet grew lighter, and as she ran, she saw further still beyond the mist and rosy veil, and Jesus of Nazareth stood there with hands outstretched in welcome.

When morning came the girl remembered the dream. Then she knew that her soul had been lonely, starved and neglected in the storm and stress of earthly ambition and success. It had not been homesickness or sentiment, but just Christ's way of drawing back to him and his service the precious talent of her music. And there is never a day that passes now that her violin does not sing to some gladly eager ear the sweet song of the 'Home of the Soul.' ETHEL.

No Coward.

Leonard Fell, son of Margaret Fell, returning from meeting one Sunday evening, and passing along a solitary road, was suddenly attacked by a highwayman, who, seizing the bridle rein, demanded, 'Your money or your life.' The young friend immediately took out his purse and handed it to him. As he did so, the robber seeing seals and watch chain, became bolder, and, presenting his pistol again, demanded, 'Your watch or your life.' The watch was given him, and emboldened still more by this and thinking he had only a coward to deal with, he presented his pistol again, saying, 'Your horse or your life.' The young man dismounted and the robber mounted the horse and would have ridden off, but Leonard Fell took hold of the bridle rein, and began to expostulate with him on his sinful course, preaching to him of 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.'

Again the pistol was presented with the threat, 'If you do not stop you are a dead man,' but without paying any regard to his threat, our young friend continued his earnest words of rebuke and exhortation, to the great amusement of the robber, who exclaimed, 'I thought you were a coward, you gave me your money, your watch, and your horse to save your life, and now you have nothing more to lose you risk it standing there preaching to me.'

Leonard Fell's reply is worthy of being written in letters of gold.

'Though I would not risk my life to save my money, my watch, or my horse, yet I will risk it to save thy soul.'

The man dropped his pistol, listened to the words of the young preacher, dismounted, restored all he had taken from him, and, with tears of contrition, confessed his sin, gave a sad detail of his past life, and the circumstances that had led him to such a course; how he had taken to drinking, lost his work and his character, and when going down hill, found every one ready to give him a kick, so he had gone on from bad to worse, until with a sickly wife and starving children, he had been driven to his present life. Leonard Fell gave him his address, and promised to provide him work if he would forsake his evil ways and abstain from liquor. He did so, and became a changed character, and lived industriously and honestly.—'Life of Elizabeth L. Comstock.'

A PRIZE FOR THE CHICKS.

A Baby in a Balloon.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'If you will be jolly good boys,' said Uncle Arthur, to Carl and Jo, 'and play inside the garden all the day, and get into no mischief at all, I will make you a balloon,—a real one.'

'Oh, goody ! goody !' cried the boys in chorus.

'Will you promise?'

'We'll promise, we'll promise—a real balloon?'

'Yes—a real—small—one !' answered Uncle Arthur, mischievously.

'But it will go up, won't it?' asked Joe, anxiously.

'Clear up, Joe, out of sight, if you let go the rope.'

That was almost too much to be true, and the boys promised a great deal more than was required of them in their overflowing delight.

The next morning Uncle Arthur brought the balloon — 'a perfect little beauty,' the 'car' being a wicker basket that would swing 'so lovely,' through the air when the balloon was inflated.

The two boys and their sister were visiting Uncle Arthur and Aunt Jane. Sister — they rarely called her by her 'given' name—had to be fitted to glasses for a very near-sighted pair of blue eyes, and uncle and aunty were to take her into the city to visit the oculist. Only Katie, the housekeeper, was to be left at home, with the boys, but she was too busy to take up much time looking after them. It would have been 'after,' indeed, if they had once stepped outside the garden gate !

Katie was shown how to inflate the balloon, the boys charged not to bother her about it too many times, their honest promises given, and uncle and auntie went away with Sister, whose last word was:

'Oh, please, boys, don't tease my grey kitty !'

Kitty, indeed! Who cared for a pussy cat when there was a balloon to play with.

So Katie skillfully filled the pretty red silk globe with 'gas,' and the boys played out the 'rope' and nearly dislocated their necks watching their toy floating nearer and nearer to the sky. Then they hauled 'her' in, and then — what made a pretty grey kitten, with a red collar set with jingling bells, come up and put out a tiny paw toward the wicker basket?'

'Oh, I say!' cried Joe ; 'let's — let's put her in and give her a ride ?'

'Let's!' echoed Carl, enthusiastically.

In two more minutes the gentle little thing was inside the basket —just big enough to hold the bit of grey fur—and the balloon went up, up, up, Startled kitty did not try to jump till she was too far away for any escape.

What fun it was. Never once did the boys think they were teasing the pet animal. All they

thought of was the fun of having really living freight up there in their balloon. It was the next best thing to going themselves.

Joe felt so good he jumped up and down, and somehow—he never knew how—the rope—it was only good stout twine—slipped from his fingers, and away sailed balloon and kitty 'and all.'

Joe cried. Carl scolded. Then they took hold of hands and ran out of the garden, their necks stretched, their hot little faces turned up to the sky, stumbling along in a wild endeavor to keep the truants in sight.

'Where are you two little fellers goin' ?'

It was a gruff old farmer who said this, pulling his horses up in time to keep from running over two tired, dusty, frightened little boys, who were chasing a balloon and a poor little kitty.

They told him their pitiful story.

'Wall, now! Ef that ain't just like two boys. I noticed that there leetle craft myself a-sailin' over yonder. Tell you what — there's my place couple o' rods down the road. We've got a cupoly and a pretty good spy-glass. I'll go up and see if I can tell where the air-ship has hove to—if it ain't sailed away to Chiny ! Maybe we can organize a rescuing party. Why, this is a regular 'expedition' now, ain't it?'

The boys were comforted by the old man's slow, cheery words, and scrambled into the creaking waggon.

Through what was really a very fine 'spy-glass' in the 'cupoly,' the boys in turn viewed the gently moving balloon, and could see a pitiful little form clinging to the side of the basket. They both cried then, and utterly refused to be comforted.

'Pshaw! pshaw! Now,' said the old farmer, 'some balloons come home. Jest let me have a squint through that there glass for a minute. Wall, I declare! If the wind ain't changed, and the leetle ship bearin' right down on us.'

'Oh, do you think—do you think we'll be able to rescue Sister's kitty?' asked Joe, with sobs.

'I dunno, my lad; but it's an ill wind that blows nobody some good. Wall, I declare! If that don't beat all !'

Nearer and nearer the balloon drifted, until it floated almost over the cupola. They could hear the little cat's frightened cries.

'Oh, please!' pleaded Joe, holding up his grimy hands, as if the baby cat or the baby balloon could understand him ; 'please come down!'

'Wall, I declare!' repeated the astonished farmer. 'I vum, that do beat all! If that there toy ain't a-settlin' right down over our tater patch. Come on, boys! She'll be hove to by the time we cross the medder.'

Over the meadow the three hurried, and there, in the very middle of the potato patch the balloon gently came down, and a grey kitten, nearly in spasms with fear, was grasped by four dirty, eager, thankful little hands.

'Here!' called the farmer; 'ain't you going to tow the ship home ?' For the boys had actually started off with the rescued kitten, forgetting thanks and balloon.

'But we didn't mean to get into mischief, truly!' pleaded Carl that night. 'We didn't think'—

'Next time, little lads, you must think. The idea of sending a bit of a baby cat up in a balloon'—

'That was just it, uncle,' interposed Joe, eagerly; 'it was the idea, not the poor kitten, we were thinking of. Next time we'll try to think of everything!'

Sally's Picture.

Teddy and Sally are cousins. Teddy is seven and Sally is older.

Teddy owns an album. Once he took it to Sally and asked her to draw something pretty. To tease him, for sometimes girls do love to tease as well as boys, Sally drew a horrid monster with big eyes, and a great broad tail, a fat body. It was neither a horse, a hog, nor a fish. Teddy felt very badly about it, He thought his album was spoiled,

'It looks awful ugly,' he said, 'as ugly—as ugly as drunk'—for he had been to temperance meetings lately and was full of hate for whiskey,

That day Sally and Teddy went out for a walk and stopped at a neighbors where they were offered some cider.

'Is it three days old ?' asked Teddy.

'Yes, dear.'

'Then I won't drink it; it's against my pledge.'

'Tut, child! take it,' said Sally. 'You are warm and thirsty.'

'I know I am, but wouldn't you be 'shamed of me if I couldn't keep a pledge?' said Teddy.

Sally teased him a little and then said suddenly, 'Well, be good if you feel like it, child; the world grows wicked fast enough, I am sure.'

When they got home Sally asked for the album. She rubbed out some of the picture and changed the monster into a fine-looking horse. She drew a picture of a bright boy with curly locks, seated on the horse's back, all ready for a gallop.

Then she printed in a ring around the edge of the picture these words: 'This is for a good boy who would not break his pledge.' That pleased Teddy.—'Little Pilgrim.'

Did He Belong ?

'Our Sunday-school class is going to be a Band,' said Allen one day. 'We're going to have a name and do lots of things.'

'What is to be the name ?' asked papa.

'The "I Will Try Band," answered Allen.

'Do you mean to belong ?' asked papa.

'I do belong now,' Allen said, proudly. 'I was the first one to put my name on the paper.'

'I am very glad,' said his mother, who had overheard her little boy as she was busy getting supper.

After this mamma watched to see how many things Allen 'tried.' Would you believe it ?—he did not try any harder than before to get his lessons, to do his work, or to find helpful things to do for others. When he had little duties to perform or chances to do good, he said, just as he had before, 'Oh, it's no use,' or, 'It is too hard.'

Now did he really belong to the 'I Will Try Band ?' Did putting his name down on the paper mean much, if he did not do what he had promised ?

Many children and young people belong to bands and societies of all sorts, with beautiful names, and it is a beautiful thing to be a member of any one of these ; but it does seem as if one must live up to the name and do what is promised, or he does not really belong, no matter where his name is put down.—'Weekly Welcome.'

LESSON VII.—MAY 19.

Jesus Ascends Into Heaven.

Luke xxiv., 44-53; Acts i., 1-11. Memory verses, 9-11. Read Mark xvi., 19.

Golden Text.

While he blessed them he was parted from them and carried up into heaven.—Luke xxiv., 51.

Lesson Text.

The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach, (2) Until the day in which he was taken up, after that he through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom he had chosen: (3) To whom also he shewed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God: (4) And, being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me. (5) For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. (6) When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? (7) And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. (8) But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem; and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. (9) And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. (10) And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; (11) Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

Lesson Hymn.

Send the gospel of salvation
To a world of dying men;
Tell it out to every nation,
Till the Lord shall come again.

'Tis the Church's great commission,
'Tis the Master's last command:
Christ has died for every creature,
Tell it out in every land.

Christ is gath'ring out a people,
To His name from every race;
Haste to give the invitation,
E'er shall end the day of grace.

Go and tell them, go and tell them,
Jesus died for sinful men;
Go and tell them, go and tell them
He is coming back again.

—A. B. S.

Suggestions.

(From 'Peloubet's Select Notes.')

In the first three verses of Luke's second book, The Acts, he connects it with his Gospel by a brief résumé of the Resurrection period. The former treatise related what Jesus began to do and to teach; and this relates what he, the same Jesus, continued to do and to teach.'—Alford. 'The gospel story is a book of mighty deeds as well as of wondrous speech.'—Professor Stifler. Everything that Jesus did or taught was but a beginning, a seed from which far greater things were to grow, as he himself taught (John xiv., 12; xiii., 7; xiv., 26). 'The book is the second part of the Acts of Jesus.' 'The fact is both curious and significant that what is found in the Gospel Narratives, in the form of precept or teaching, reappears in the Acts of the Apostles in the form of practice or example.' On the other hand, 'this book we may, perhaps, venture to call the "Acts of the Holy Spirit" for, from first to last, it is the record of his advent and activity.'—A. T. Pierson.

By many infallible proofs. 'Proofs by sure signs.' 'The single Greek word, translated infallible proofs, is used frequently by Plato and Aristotle, and denotes "the strongest proofs of which a subject is capable," "an irresistible proof."'—Schaff. Forty days. At intervals, ten or eleven times. Speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, which was to be unfolded and carried on through them. During all this transition period the disciples were being trained to understand and to do the work that was before them. There was much that it was impossible for them to understand before. (Comp. Luke xxiv., 44-48.)

And, being assembled together with them. Probably in Jerusalem on the day of ascension, whence Jesus led them out toward Bethany, (Luke xxiv., 50). Commanded them . . . . not depart from Jerusalem, but wait. They waited by prayer, by conference together, by doing necessary duties (vs. 13, 14, and rest of the chapter). Waiting is not sleeping with folded hands. 'Tarry at the promise till God meets you there.'—D. L. Moody. For the promise of the Father. For the fulfilment of the promise which the Father had given. It was the promise, as being the greatest, most important, all-embracing promise. The Holy Spirit promised by Joel (ii., 28, 29; see Acts ii., 17, 18); by Isaiah (xliv., 3). It was really the sum and substance of all the promises of the coming of the kingdom of God, and the redeemed world to Abraham, to David, and through the prophets, especially Isaiah. For the new dispensation was to be the dispensation of the Spirit, by whose power the transformation and triumph were to come. Which . . . ye have heard of me. This promise is alluded to in Luke xxiv., 49, and found in John xiv., 16, 26; xv., 26. 'I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever.'

Lord, wilt thou (R. V., 'dost thou') at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? As promised again and again in the Scriptures. Israel was then subject to the Roman power. They probably imagined that the world would be converted to Judaism, and that Jerusalem, the holy city, would be the resort of all nations, the centre of light and power and religion for the world. They probably had no conception, and could not have, of any other way in which the hopes of the Jews and the promises of the Bible could be accomplished.

Light from History.—In 1773 there was discovered in Abyssinia a book called the 'Book of Enoch,' which was written in the first and second centuries before Christ. It expresses the inner mind of the Jewish people at the time of Christ. The people were daily expecting the establishment of the Messianic kingdom, not a spiritual kingdom, but a scene of material glory, where 'the Jews would be exalted above all surrounding nations, and the hated invader expelled.' 'This eager expectation,' says Professor Stokes, 'dominated every other feeling in the Jewish mind, and was burned into the very secrets of their existence by the tyranny of the Roman rule.'

The way Christ left this question was the best for all. We find two lines of prophecy in relation to the second coming, in one of which it is depicted as near, while the other points to a dim and distant future. They are not contradictory, but only two views of the same thing, which began very soon, wit[h] different eras, and is to be consummated [at] the end of the world. So that all the r[e]al power of an imminent coming, [a]s of a great transcendent event to be [l]ooked for and hoped for, is brought to bea[r] on the disciples of Christ.

But ye shall re[ceive], instead of a knowledge of the future, p[o]wer to do your work, to do your part toward making the future. This includes (1) power to lead men to the Saviour; (2) power to overcome all enemies and obstacles, though they were like mountains to be cast into the sea; (3) power to work miracles; (4) power to lead the church. This power must come from the Holy Ghost. Ghost is Old English for Spirit. The American revisers wished that 'Holy Spirit' should be used always instead of 'Holy Ghost.'

Illustration.—The apostles were like the wires; the Holy Spirit like the electric current flowing through the wires, and enabling them to give light or carry sound.

Ye shall be witnesses.—Greek, 'martures,' from which our word 'martyrs,' i. e., those who bear witness to Jesus Christ by suffering and dying for him. The Gospel is built upon facts, not theories. The Gospels are the summary of the witness of the apostles. They were written many years after the apostles began to preach, and are the story that had been told many hundreds of times by these witnesses. And still the power of preaching and of teaching is not in arguing, but in witnessing, in declaring the truths known and tested by experience.

All Christians are to be witnesses testifying to the reality of religion, to fulfilment of the promises, to the living presence of Jesus, to his power to save from sin, to guide into righteousness and support in trouble; to the superiority of Christianity to all other religions, by what it does for them more than other religions can do for their votaries. Just in proportion as the Christian has experienced what Christ can do, and his nature and his life have been transformed, can he do effective work as a Christian.

He bears witness (1) by his words, for there is much which can be made known only by his expressing what Christ has done within him. (2) By his life and character, showing a well-known specimen of what Christ does for a man. His family life, his religion at home, the way he does his business, his conduct in public affairs and social life, are all witnesses as to what Christ has done for him, and can therefore do for others. (3) By sending witnesses to the uttermost parts of the earth.

While they beheld.—That they might have clear proof of his ascension, to assure them that there was no deception. He was in the act of blessing them when he was taken up, (Luke xxiv., 51). A cloud received him out of their sight. (Compare Matt. xvii., 5; Luke ix., 34.) Perhaps it was like the 'fiery cloudy pillar,' the symbol of God that led the Israelites through the wilderness, or Elijah's storm chariot, or the bright cloud of glory which overshadowed him on the Mount of Transfiguration. It was at this time, doubtless, that the great change came over his body described in I. Cor. xv., 51-53. For such a change is signified by his appearance as John saw him, (Rev. i., 12-16).

It showed the continued reality of Christ's existence, linking this world with the other, and showing how he could be the ever-living Saviour in heaven, whom Stephen saw at the right hand of God, who came to Paul on the way to Damascus, who is ever with his people, even to the end of the world. The last view of Christ is not upon the cross, but ascending from Olivet into glory; not in agony of atonement, but in the act of blessing; not in seeming defeat, but in manifest triumph. We worship, not a dead, but a living Saviour, to whom we shall go, with whom we shall be in glory, and whom we shall love and serve through endless ages.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 19.—Topic—A nameless girl heroine. (II. Kings v., 1-4.) (A union meeting with the Juniors.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

AN UNNAMED HEROINE.

Mon., May 13.—The heroic roll.—Heb. xi., 32-34.

Tues., May 14.—A child's faith.—Mark x., 15.

Wed., May 15.—Love conquers difficulties.—I. Sam. xx., 17-23.

Thu., May 16.—Hero-making.—Dan. iii., 16-18.

Fri., May 17.—Christian courage.—Acts v., 19, 20.

Sat., May 18.—Jesus the hero.—John xix., 5.

Sun., May 19.—Topic—A nameless girl heroine. II. Kings v., 1-4. (A union meeting with the older society.)

Free Church Catechism.

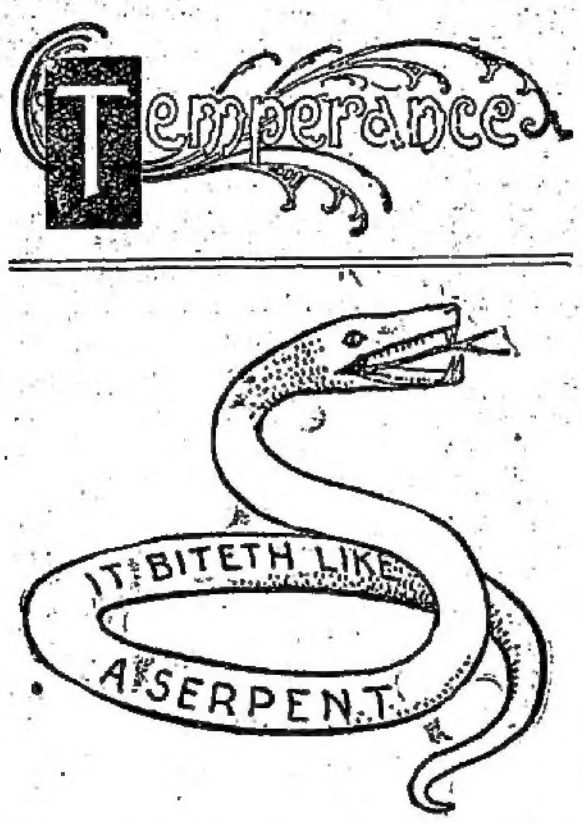
51. Q.—What has Jesus told us of his second advent?

A.—That at a time known only to God, he shall appear again with power, to be glorified in his saints and to be the Judge

of all mankind; and that for his appearing we should be always ready.

52. Q.—What is the Christian's hope concerning the future state?

A.—We look for the life everlasting, wherein all who are saved through Christ shall see God and inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.



Regulating the Rattlesnake.

A farmer once found a rattlesnake. Having caught it and put it in a bag, he carried it home and called his neighbors together, saying:

'Behold, I have captured a snake, and it is big and strong; now, what shall I do with it?'

Then one of the men said:

'This is a very harmless looking reptile. I think he might be allowed to go wherever he pleases.'

Another said: 'My friend, do you not know that this harmless looking serpent has a sting? Now, therefore, I move that all people, and especially young people, be warned faithfully to keep out of the way of the serpent, lest they be bitten.'

This counsel seemed to impress the assembly favorably.

Then a third speaker began in this wise: 'Since the bite of this reptile is so very dangerous, I would submit that it might be well to make certain rules and regulations; as for instance, that he is not to go abroad on the day called Sunday; that he must not be allowed to sting anybody who is not of age; moreover, that he shall not be let out of his cage at all until a council of citizens shall decide.

'And, finally,' said the wise and thoughtful man, 'I suggest that an oath be administered to our neighbor, the keeper of the snake, that he will faithfully carry out these provisions.'

Now it came to pass that all the neighbors were so moved with these words that with one voice they cried out: 'So let it be.' And so the snake still lives.

Some time ago in India an officer who was parched with thirst was travelling with his Indian servant where water was scarce. It was evening time, and in that country the moon throws a peculiar light upon many things. The officer saw at the side of the road a pool of water that looked very clear. He was stooping down to drink when his servant called to him, 'Nay, nay, Sahib, lend me your sword.' Going to the pool the servant put the edge of the sword into it to stir it, when up came the head of a cobra, the most dangerous serpent in India. The servant then brought the weapon down upon the reptile and cut off his head. Had the officer drank of the pool, he would have been a dead man. There was death in the drink. How many the serpent drink is destroying every day in our great cities! Let us be servants for them and show them the work of the serpent. 'At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,' says the Bible. —'Temperance Banner.'

The Tramp's Speech.

A tramp asked for a free drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the beverage, one of the young men present exclaimed:

'Stop! make us a speech. It is a poor liquor that doesn't unloosen a man's tongue!'

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and, as the rich liquor coursed through his blood, he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity which all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I look to-night at you and myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine-cup, and, Cleopatra like, saw it dissolve, and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar, and ministered before it; and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions which soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them that I might be tormented with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. And all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.'

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut again, and when the little group at the bar looked up the tramp was gone.—'New Orleans Picayune.'

Correspondence

St. Remi.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. We have taken the 'Messenger' a number of years. I like the Correspondence very much. I have three brothers. For pets I have a pussy named Fan.

ETHEL S. (Aged 11.)

Moose Jaw, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I once wrote a letter to the 'Messenger,' but never saw it printed. I go to school every day. There are sixty-four scholars in my room. Our school is a nice, large one, there are eight rooms and seven teachers. I belong to the Mission Band. I have two brothers and no sisters. I like the 'Messenger.' I read all the stories in it. I like living in the country better than in town.

FLORENCE MAY.

Morrowville, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very well. We live on a farm, I have four cats and one dog, named Poodle. We go to Sunday-school at Morrowville. I was seven years old on Dec. 16, I have one sister and one brother. We have a nice little pony we all love to ride. It is black with a white face.

ALEXANDER.

Kelley's Cove.

Dear Editor,—I live quite near the sea shore, and in summer my sister and I go down to the wharf, and catch fish, and go in bathing. I saw in the 'Messenger' that F. B.'s birthday came the same day as mine, only I am a little older. My father is a farmer, and one day, when he was in town, he had the picture of the oxen taken.

ANNIE ALLEN, (Aged 15.)

Pembroke.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Messenger' two years, and I think it is a nice paper. I have got three sisters and one brother. Two of my sisters are twins. I have got four pets, two cats, a horse and a hen. The horse's name is Harry. We have not had much skating this winter. I wonder who has got a birthday the same as mine, April 5.

KENNETH R. B. (Aged 11.)

Underwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, and I have taken the northern Messenger for five years, and I like the paper very much. I go to school regularly. I was at the opening of the new Presbyterian Church at Tiverton, and heard Principal Grant, of Kingston University, preach.

F. JOHNSON.

Yorkton, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. My grandma sends it to us. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother is seventeen months old. I go to school and to Sunday-school. I was ten years old on Jan. 5.

MABEL P.

Campbellton.

Dear Editor,—I live with my aunt and uncle in the country. I am twelve years old, my birthday is on Oct. 12. I take music lessons, and like it very much. I have three sisters, they live about thirty miles from here. I went home to see them at Christmas. I have a dog and three cats and two dolls. My dog's name is Carlo, he is pure black.

MYRTLE D.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother, and I go to school. We have a bird and a white cat. I go to Sunday-school and I get the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much.

NELLIE, (Aged 11.)

Aberarder, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think your paper is the nicest paper we take. My papa has taken the 'Messenger' about twenty-five years and the 'Witness' as long. I live on a farm. I have a little pup, I call him Turk, I have lots of fun with him. I like skating when the ice is good. I live near Lake Huron.

ROB. R.

Ocean View, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—My brother Angus takes the 'Northern Messenger' and I like it very much. I go to school, I have a mile to walk, and I like my teacher. I have three brothers and one sister. I have a cat named Tip and a calf named Brindle.

MARY McL. (Aged 11.)

Spencerville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years and six months old, and go to school every day. I have one brother, his name is Wallace, he is four years old. My father works at the North Channel on the St. Lawrence River. My mother has been dead for two years. I live with my Aunt Sarah, and grandfather and great-grandmother, who is in her ninety-first year. I go to the Presbyterian Church, and get the 'Messenger' every Sunday.

DEANE S. F.

Ferguslea.

Dear Editor,—Papa has been taking the 'Messenger' for a long time. I like to read the Correspondence part. I like to go to school, our teacher is very nice. Her name is Miss Wight. I have three little brothers.

JENNIE, (Aged 9.)

Dear Editor,—My mother takes the 'Messenger,' and likes it very much. I cut some wood to-day. Father has gone to the C. E. League. I have nine sisters and one brother. We are all temperance, and don't believe in sweet cider, or in taking whiskey or brandy for illness. We have none of us ever tasted intoxicating liquor. I have belonged to the Band of Hope for five years.

FRANK (Aged 10.)

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I had the present of the 'Messenger' for a year, and liked it so well that I thought I would continue taking it myself. I go to school every day, and I am in Grade V. I go to St. James's Church and Sunday-school. I will be twelve on March 10.

JESSIE M

Crosshill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister and I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three years, and like it very much. I like to read the Correspondence very much. I have one brother twenty years old, and one sister twelve years old. I live one mile from Crosshill, and one mile from school.

JENNIE MAY C. (Aged 10.)

HOUSEHOLD.

'Looking Forward.'

(By Maida Maitland.)

Things were all at 'sixes' in the Stewart family that July day when Aunt Laurie arrived unexpectedly. The whole family of boys, six in all, seemed to be fairly possessed with the spirit of discord and mischief. Baby Rob had been sick and restless all night, consequently it was not a very bright little mother who presided over the noisy breakfast table. It was Saturday, too, and the little flock all remained at home to add to the noise and din of the day. By five Mrs. Stewart was a 'bundle of nerves,' irritable and cross and not overly just in her settlement of disputes.

It was not to be wondered at, for she certainly had endured more than one little mother is often called upon to endure in one twenty-four hours.

Fred had met her as she descended that morning with a handful of his father's choicest bulbs which he had uprooted to see why they were not growing.

Arthur had experimented with the aquarium that for some weeks past had been a source of great amusement and interest to the whole family, but he had wearied of watching the graceful movements of the pretty gold fish and was filled with a great desire to see just how they would behave out of water. Consequently the tap was turned, and soon the poor fish lay in a dying condition. At this point Mrs. Stewart visited the library, but too late to revive two of their special pets.

Then all day there were constant shouts of alarm, from falls and bruises, and many were the quarrellings and disputes that had to be settled. But things seemed to reach a climax in the afternoon when on coming into the newly-carpeted dining-room Mrs. Stewart found that Ted, in his haste, had carelessly upset a bottle of boot-polish that would forever ruin the appearance of the pretty room.

It was right here that poor, tired, and decidedly cross Mrs. Stewart was seated when Aunt Laurie arrived, and took in the situation at a glance, but it was not until the cool of the evening, when seated cosily in a quiet nook, that Aunt Laurie heard the history of 'this dreadful day,' when some way, in the quiet of the night when the little ones were all tucked away, her hasty words, and hasty judgment touched her heart with a pang of remorse and made her wish she had been more tender with them all.

They sat in silence for some time, then Aunt Laurie remarked: 'I have just come from visiting an old lady of eighty, who had brought up and settled a large family. In the pretty, old-fashioned country house there is a shabby old window that she would never have modernized like the rest of her home, and in this unattractive spot the old lady sits. The sill of the window is rather a disgrace to the pretty room, for it is old and scarred and cut into all shapes. The black sheep of her flock had, in his young days, come into great disgrace for trying his new knife on this window, and severe was the punishment the lad had received. He was far away from her now, fighting, and not too successfully, the battle of life, and all his tiresome faults, that seemed such a heart-break to her in the long ago, were forgotten, and she longed for the day the "bairns" used to toddle about, that she might be more patient with them.

'"This was some of Hughie's work," she said to me with a sad smile, as she fondly ran her fingers along the disfigured window-sill, and I knew the ugly hacks made by that first jack-knife were dearer and more beautiful to her than the most elaborate grill work.'

Mrs. Stewart looked up with a sad, understanding smile as Aunt Laurie continued, 'When the days seem all full of things going wrong, and the children seem only a worry and a care—stop and think quietly of the time when your boys will all be away from the shelter of home, and when "mother" will only be a memory to some of them. Try each day to live with them that your recollections of their early years will be free from remorse and their memory of you, when you have passed out of their lives, will be a loving, beautiful one, and that round the name of "mother" will be gathered in the hearts all that is good and pure and beautiful. A mother who has accomplished this has indeed done a noble life-work.'

Mrs. Stewart's eyes were full of unshed tears as she walked back to the house, declaring in her heart, 'I will begin again tomorrow,' and the little trials will seem lighter when "Looking Forward."'—'Onward.'

Housecleaning Hints.

(Sada Ballard, in the 'New England Homestead.')

Never clean house except in sunny weather. If a damp, gloomy day comes, put off the cleaning or else you will rue it. You'll be sure to have the blues, everything will be depressing and nothing will go as it should. If there are ceilings to be whitewashed it is well to use whitewash that will not rub off easily. Such can be made by mixing up half a pail of lime and water in the usual way; then take a quarter of a pint of flour, mix with water, pour on a sufficient quantity of boiling water to make a paste, pour it while hot into the whitewash and stir all well together.

If you want to paper walls that have been whitewashed, make a flour paste, add a generous quantity of liquid glue, apply evenly to the walls with a whitewash brush; let it dry, and when you wish to apply the paper, dampen the wall with thin paste, and use thick paste on the paper in the ordinary way. If wall paper is smoked and grimy, it can be cleaned to look almost like new by making a very thick dough of one quart of flour and five cents' worth of ammonia, adding a little cold water if needed. Work and knead the dough till smooth and free from stickiness, then cut off a piece and rub the paper, turning the dough so a clean surface is presented with every stroke, and taking a fresh piece when that gets too dirty to use.

If the walls are painted and need a thorough washing, they may be made to look fine by use of the following mixture:—Shave fine four ounces of castile soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling water; when cold add four ounces of ammonia, two ounces each of alcohol and glycerine, and one gallon of cold water. Use one cupful of this liquid to a pail of warm water.

If stovepipes of Russia iron must be stored away, they should have a good coat of coal oil all over and be put in a dry place. When wanted for use again, give them a coat of benzine, then rub off smooth and dry. Stoves should have a coating of oil before they are put away, which can be rubbed off with coarse woollen rags when desired. The mica windows in the stove, when smoked, are easily cleaned by brushing free from dust and then washing them with vinegar slightly diluted with water.

How to Treat Burns.

For a burn, take one part fresh lard and two parts baking soda, mix together and spread upon pieces of white or cream tissue paper, lay these gently upon affected part and bind on with muslin strips. While waiting for the lard and soda the burn should be bathed with witchhazel.

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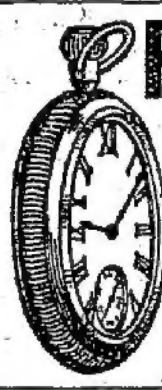

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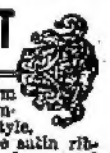

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